



# Bota Eshte Portokalle

BY

**T.C. KARSO**

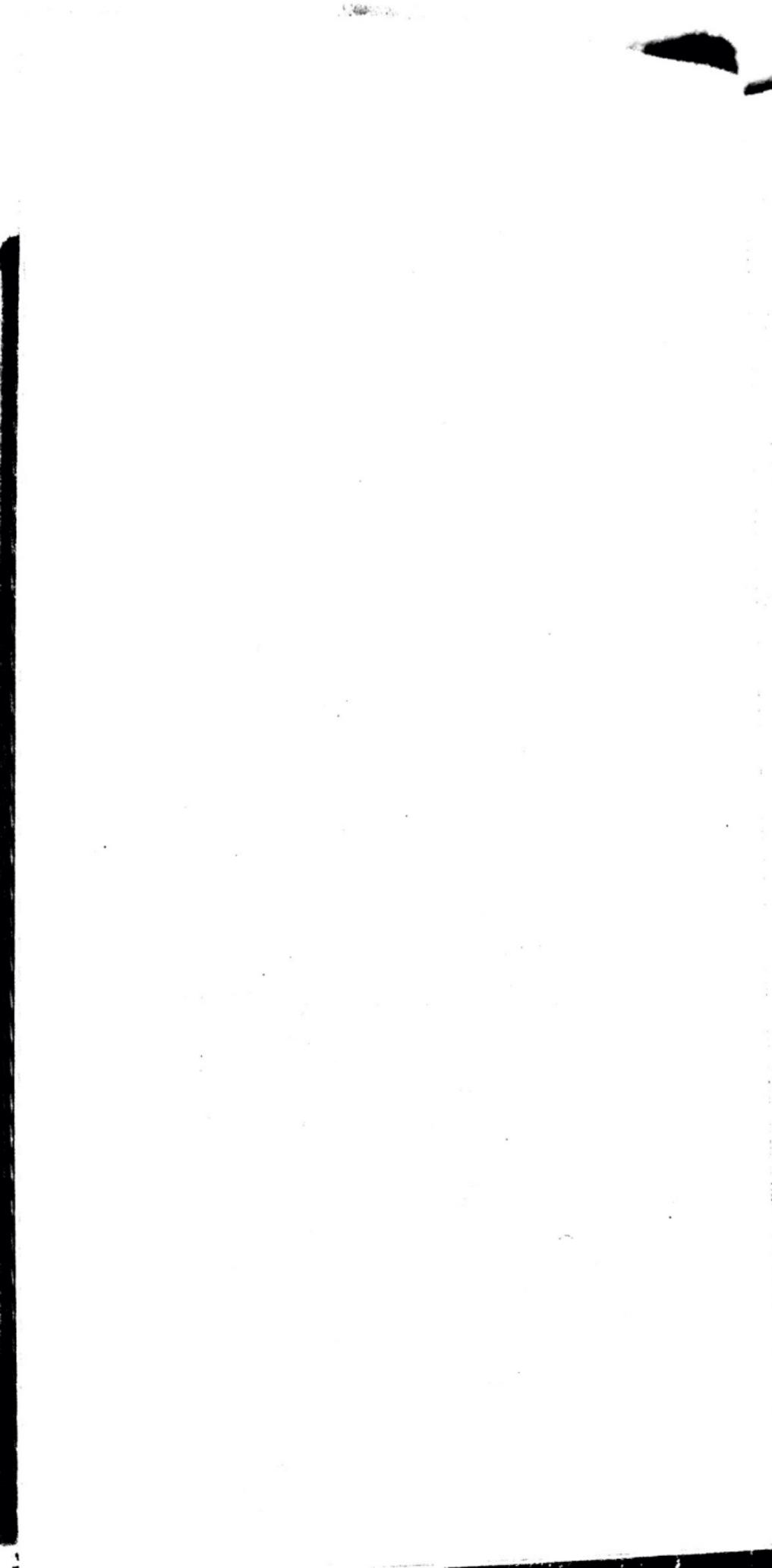
(Associate of the Inner Magic Circle, NYC)

WITH A FOREWORD BY

**TAMARA TCHUINKAM**

(First Vice President of the Magician's Club,  
Cameroon)





## FOREWORD

I met Karso at a small gathering by a hidden beach on the Coast of Albania.

Back then I didn't know all that much about the guy with the funny tattoos. A friend who had spent a whole afternoon questioning him and passionately listening to his stories told me that he hops trains (train hopping was a completely unknown thing to me until then) and can build an overnight shelter out of basically anything he finds.

The sight of him walking away from that magical place amongst the ancient olive trees is strongly etched into my memory. I will never forget that moment in which I was so astonished and in awe (mixed with quite a bit of incomprehension) about how small his backpack was. No sleeping bag, no sleeping mat, and he couldn't have had more than 4 or 5 items of clothing in there. I was also thinking "Why does he already leave after only two nights?" It was as if something always called him to a new unknown place.

A few weeks later my boyfriend and I also left Albania and made our way to North Macedonia. We had crossed the border by foot, slept the night in a forest in which we almost froze to death, and kept going the next day by foot due to lack of busses and no luck hitchhiking.

Somebody else had been very happy to have survived this passage.

"Karso was alive" was written on a sign by the side of the long, seemingly endless, road with close to no cars. Discovering this tag really lifted our spirits and boosted our energy and motivation. Immediately, we felt less alone in this. Yes it was long, and yes it was exhausting, but Karso was here and he could do it and so could we.

In Skopje our paths crossed again. Together we helped a friend with an Art project building huge sculptures out of trash. And then later in Istanbul we lived in a squat-house for a few nights that he had discovered and turned into a gallery of his paintings.

Colorful drawings and poems covered the walls of the ruin. (Because in his tiny backpack he would also always fit at least one bucket of paint!)

I admire Karso for giving into the urge and following his heart's calling of constantly moving and exploring.

What else are we here for, if not for opening ourselves to all that this human existence has to offer? What else are we here for, if not for gathering courage and giving ourselves permission to do whatever makes our soul sing?

Of course, for that it is not necessary to travel the whole world. Experiences can be made, knowledge acquired and insights found everywhere. But if one does travel the world, sleep on cardboard beds, hop trains, push themselves to their limit, walk long distances through foreign countries,...

Then one will have stories to tell, to write and to share.



## Borsh, Albania

October 2020

There had been brutal storms for the past two days. I had been holed up with fellow nomads and wanderers in the woods near Borsh beach on the Ionian Sea. We had a water source straight from the mountains. An oven made of rocks and clay. There were yoga and meditation classes at sunrise. Flute building workshops from local bamboo. Unlimited persimmons that tasted like candy. The last night I was there we even had cacao pizza made from scratch by two Italian travelers. It was a beautiful experience but I had a plan to execute and it was time for me to move.

I don't travel with a tent and it wouldn't have made much difference against these downpours. The last full day in Borsh I walked down the beach and found a couple of sniper bunkers. These are all over Albania. Close to 200,000 of them were built from the 1960's to 1980's and they were never used for their intended purpose. I realized that one of them was the perfect size for me to lay down in so I set off to find something to loft a frame to sleep on.

I found an abandoned bar that had old beach chairs that fold out and brought one back to the bunker. I tied a tarp down over the entrance of the bunker and dug out a trench in the front so excess water would run around the entrance. I also found an old can of red oil paint and this paint I would use to write my name throughout Albania. I was planning on hitchhiking the following morning so I walked to the nearest general store and grabbed some fruit and peanut butter. I never made it back to the bunker. The storms picked up and the tide came up too high and it was impossible to get back. The blue tarp my younger brother gave to me the last time I was in Fort Worth would be left flapping in the wind waiting for the next traveler roaming around. I went back to the abandoned bar and used everything I could find to make a shelter.

The next morning I walked seven kilometers from the beach to the nearest petrol station to try and catch a ride. I passed a goat lounging in the shade of an olive tree and a curious cow walking down the street alone in my direction and trying to spark up a conversation with me. As soon as I arrived to the station, a white car was passing and I

stuck my thumb out and the car braked. Just like that, two women from the south of France picked me up and the journey started.

We stopped briefly in Porto Palermo to check out the fortress of Ali Pasha. It cost 300 LEK to enter so I stayed outside and picked and ate pomegranates. They dropped me off at a fork in the road near Himarë. I walked for a few kilometers and soon a truck stopped, "Where you going?" the man said. "Vlorë", I replied. "Hop in the back". Fifteen minutes later we stopped at his house and the man said he may able to take me all the way to Vlorë but that he had to make a phone call. He told me to walk up a hill, get a coffee, and if I was still there in one hour, he would meet me there with his answer. "Where are you from anyway, Czech land?" I smiled and told him, "Texas". He laughed, "What the hell are you doing here?"

Well, adventure mostly...and of course, searching for trains.

As a U.S. citizen, there were very few places that I was allowed into during this time due

to the Covid-19 pandemic. Albania was wide open with no restrictions. At the time I was in Istanbul and I found a single video on Youtube about a new line of tankers that ran from Fier to Vlorë. The line is around 40 kilometers long so my plan was simple. I was going to walk the tracks from Vlorë to Fier to see what I could find.

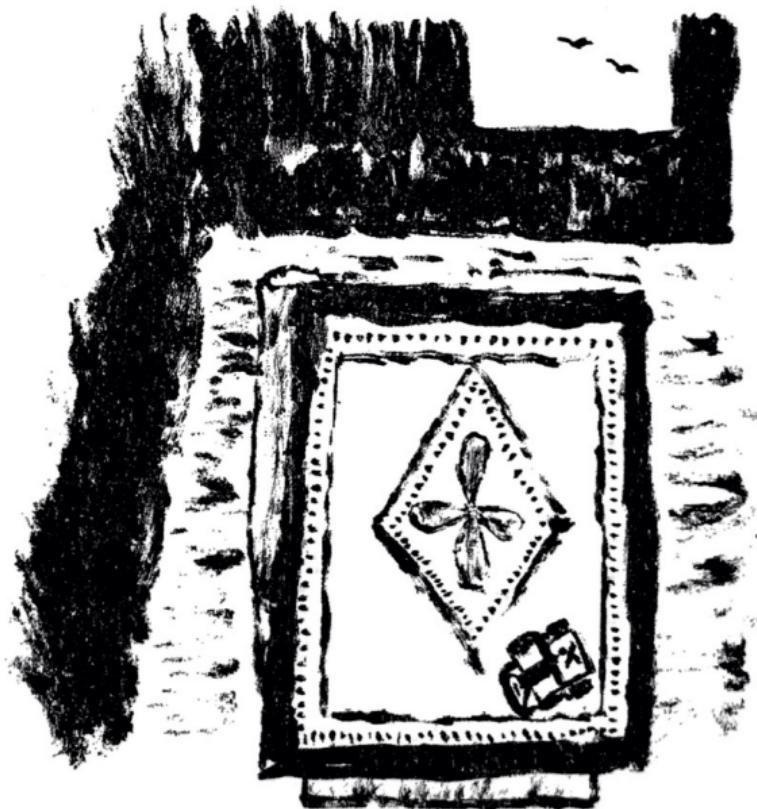
An hour later the man picks me up and once again he tells me to hop in the back. His wife and two children are now in the front of the truck and a large piece of sheet metal is riding with me in the back. We race up Mount Çika as the sun shimmers on the coast line and I’m smiling ear to ear the entire ninety minute drive. We cruise into Vlorë and he drops his family off and tells me to hop in the front. We drive somewhere to drop off the sheet metal and he then takes me to his favorite sandwich spot. He orders me his favorite sandwich, which is tuna. He didn’t even eat. I had heard from some travelers that olive season was starting and I asked him if he knew when the season started. “My friend, I have 250 olive trees, are you looking for work?”

I took his number down, just completely

blown away by this man's generosity and he drove off.

I had a few hours before sunset so I set off to find a squat or somewhere to sleep for the night. An hour later I found an abandoned building near downtown and quickly went and found some cardboard to sleep on.

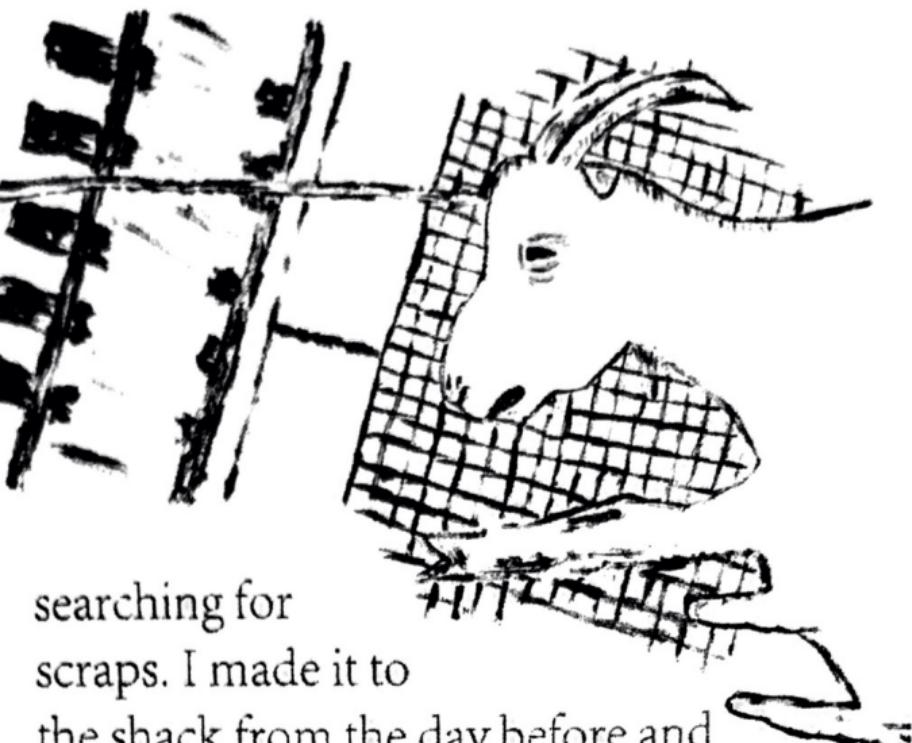
When I returned I saw a young boy carrying neatly folded blankets to the trash and I gave him the thumbs up and pointed to the blankets. He returned the favor and handed me the blankets. I took a thick, red blanket and left the rest and now I had a comfortable home out of the rain.



The next day I bought black and white house paint and went out to where the tracks start/end and found a small abandoned shack next to the tracks. I wrote the hitchhiking story in white paint on a peach wall with a small paintbrush. This was the last night of rain so I walked back to the same place I slept the night before. The following morning I set off down the tracks just after sunrise.

I planned to do the walk in two days but I had absolutely no time restraints. I wanted to paint and explore along the way. I had the black and white paint stored in water bottles and the small can of red oil paint. A 4in roller. A paintbrush. A few markals and a couple of white out pens. I signed in on a rusty door next to the abandoned station in Vlorë, not realizing at the time that I forgot the date. I guess I was too excited.

In the first few kilometers, I passed several goats tied to the tracks, grazing while a lone shepherd lurked nearby. I passed a landfill shortly afterwards and noticed a trail of small piglets. Then I saw this huge pig, she promptly laid down and the kids started feeding as seagulls flew over the landfill



searching for scraps. I made it to the shack from the day before and noticed the same man in a neon green vest near the tracks that I had seen the previous day. I thought he might be a cross guard but I was not sure. He noticed me walking down the line and motioned for me to come over. He was standing in the shade of a tree next to his bicycle. I went over. He looked me up and down and didn't even try to speak Albanian to me. He pointed down the line in both ways to ask what I was doing then he pulled out a flip phone. He had taken a photo of the hitchhiking story that I had painted in the shack. He knew I did it. We both smiled and he made a comment about the text I had written, "Ali Pasha, good!" I think he actually worked for the railroad in some capacity. I told him with my hands

that I was walking and then told him to Fier. He gave me a thumbs up and a ton of positive energy and I was on my way.

I picked out Novoselë on the map as sort of a halfway point and a place to sleep for the night. I passed whole villages in grey scale and an abandoned church the size of a small barn with a lone cross still hanging above the door. I painted a piece on a concrete wall as a horse grazed on the other side with Mount Çika in the background. I came up on an overpass/tunnel in the middle of a field that had no graffiti inside. After painting inside the tunnel, I passed a few curious farmers wondering what I was doing. They always smiled and never had a negative vibe. That really stuck with me.

I really didn't expect to see any freights. I thought maybe this line ran once a week and I was completely wrong. Twelve kilometers in I saw a blue and yellow engine headed my way carrying eleven black GATX tankers. Well, that's that. The trains are real.

For the next few kilometers, the tracks run right through beautiful vineyards. I ate my weight in grapes then I ate some more. As I

approached Novoselë a few hours before sunset, I saw a shepherd in a field near the tracks so I walked over to him and I pointed to my stomach and then made the eating symbol with my right hand. He instantly dropped his crook and motioned for me to follow him. He pointed to a bar and I thanked him for his help.

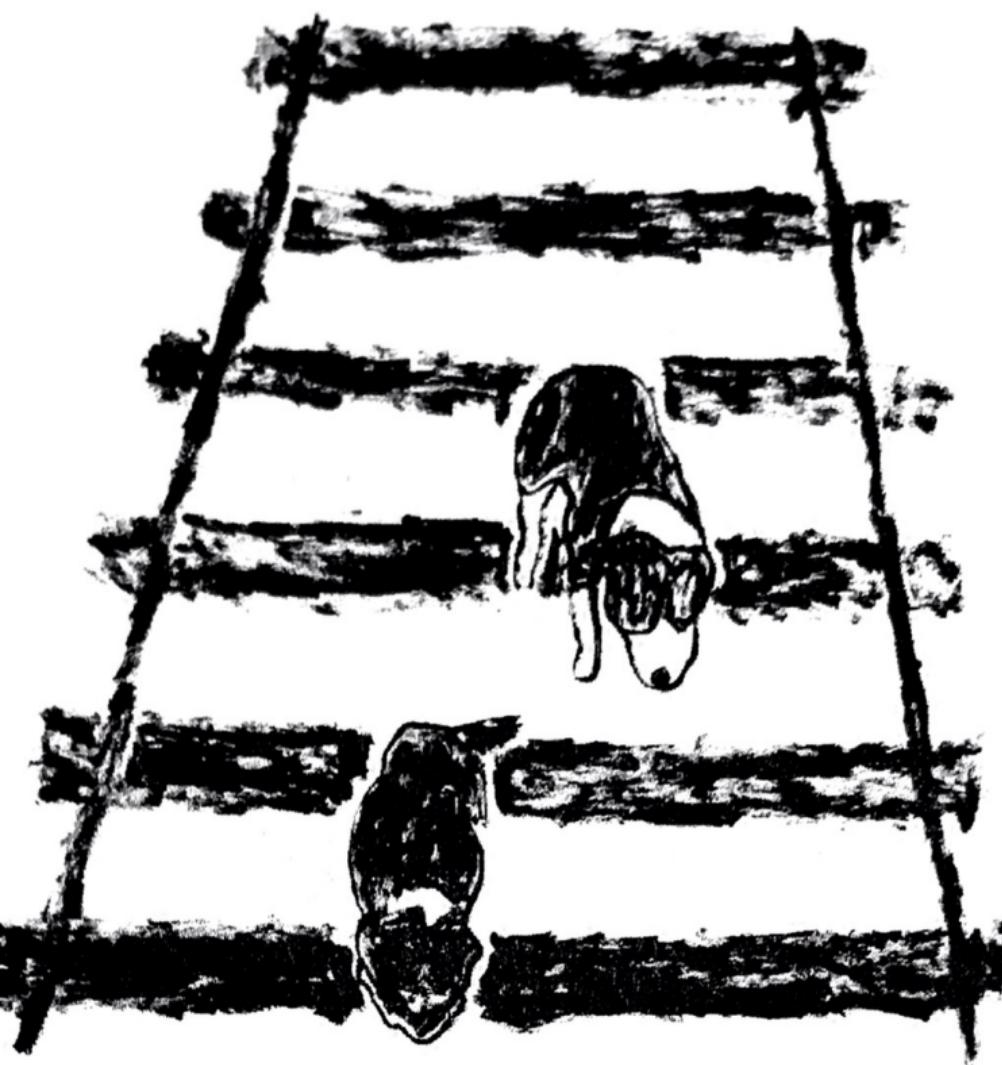
The bar/restaurant was a decent size but there was no one inside except the owner, a young man named Bruno. His friend Christian was outside smoking a cigarette. They both spoke English so I told them what I was doing, Bruno came from behind the bar and we went down the street to another friend's restaurant. There I was fed a Balkan King's meal. Fresh olives, rice, salad, and bread. They wouldn't take my money. After I ate, they asked me where I was going to sleep and I told them either an abandoned building or by the tracks. Christian said his uncle had a house being renovated very near and that he was out of town and I could stay there. I dropped my stuff off and he also gave me the wifi password to the gas station next door. We headed over to Christian's apartment as the sun set and he made pasta and I ate

It wasn't over yet either because then he let me take a shower. Christian told me an Albanian proverb, "Bota eshte portokalle" which means, "The world is an orange." I would go on to hear this proverb repeated to me several times throughout my trip. Albanian people really live this. Treat others how you want to be treated. What goes around comes around.

I went back to the empty house and fell asleep with a full stomach. Christian told me just to shut the door and the gate in the morning and that would be cool. I woke up with the sun and headed to the tracks, full of energy and love.

There was a police checkpoint at the Saradapor River but they didn't seem to care about me. Perhaps it was because I was accompanied by two stray dogs across the train bridge that runs equilateral to the main road.

Maybe an hour later I found an old abandoned train station that was recently used to house a horse and to sheer sheep. I painted a wall as the morning light shone through a window. I spent the rest of the day walking



through tiny villages in the sun and eating pomegranates.

I got close to Fier and a tunnel appears. It seems to be pretty long but I'm thinking there can't possibly be another train today, right? So I head in and immediately notice there are small dugouts in the side of the tunnel so I decide to go for it. There was not a single tag inside and the walls were similar to lava rock. I scratched my name and date with a rock inside.



Arriving in Fier there were chickens and pomegranates everywhere along the tracks, but the best sight was seeing a small line of tankers waiting in the yard for me. I marked only one car. It just felt right. Mission completed. The city was buzzing so I decided to explore.

I found a spot to get some food and a couple of espressos but the entire time I was embarrassed at how foul smelling my clothes were. It had been weeks since I'd washed my clothes and trampin' in the sun all day left them sour. So I found a little store that sold me: a shirt, a bucket, 2 gallons of water, and a bar of soap for cheap. I went back by the yard and did laundry right next to the line of tankers. I left my clothes hanging on a wall by using rocks to hold them down. I went and walked around the downtown Fier area for a few hours and when I came back, all of my clothes were dry except my socks.

Later that evening I got chamomile tea at an empty bar in town and charged up my two battery packs. The Milan derby came on and basically all of Fier shutdown to watch. Italian football is a religion here. In the

second half, the electricity went out and an audible gasp was heard throughout the city.

Meanwhile, I was at a fork in the road. I looked on Google Maps and realized the tracks kept going but I had the job offer to pick olives, which also came with a free room and board. To be able to say, “Yeah so this one time I was picking olives in Albania and…” was enticing for sure but my clothes were clean. The weather was clear. I felt like I could walk forever. It was a pretty easy decision.

I looked at the map briefly and decided to walk to Lushnjë the following morning. I found an abandoned house one street over from the yard to sleep in. I took some bamboo and stuck it in some bricks in a window and put my socks on top of the bamboo to dry for the night. It was a Saturday night and not the best spot, but I laid some cardboard down and fell asleep before Zlatan finished off Inter with a brace.

In the morning I had coffee and some fruit for breakfast. I grabbed more black paint and hit the tracks.

It was maybe half an hour into my walk when I ran into a guy wearing a Yankees hat. I have come to realize that at times, caffeine briefly distorts my connection to the Earth. Any other time, I am not stopping to talk to a guy in a Yankees hat, but on this day, I did...and I would pay for it. The conversation was in English, "Why are you here? Why are you alone?" and quickly moved on to topics such as: the Albanian mafia, murder, jail sentences, and telling me to not walk through small villages at night because someone might make fun of me and I could end up in trouble. I finally realized that I needed to keep walking but the damage had been done. His energy had transferred to me and a bad vibe set in.

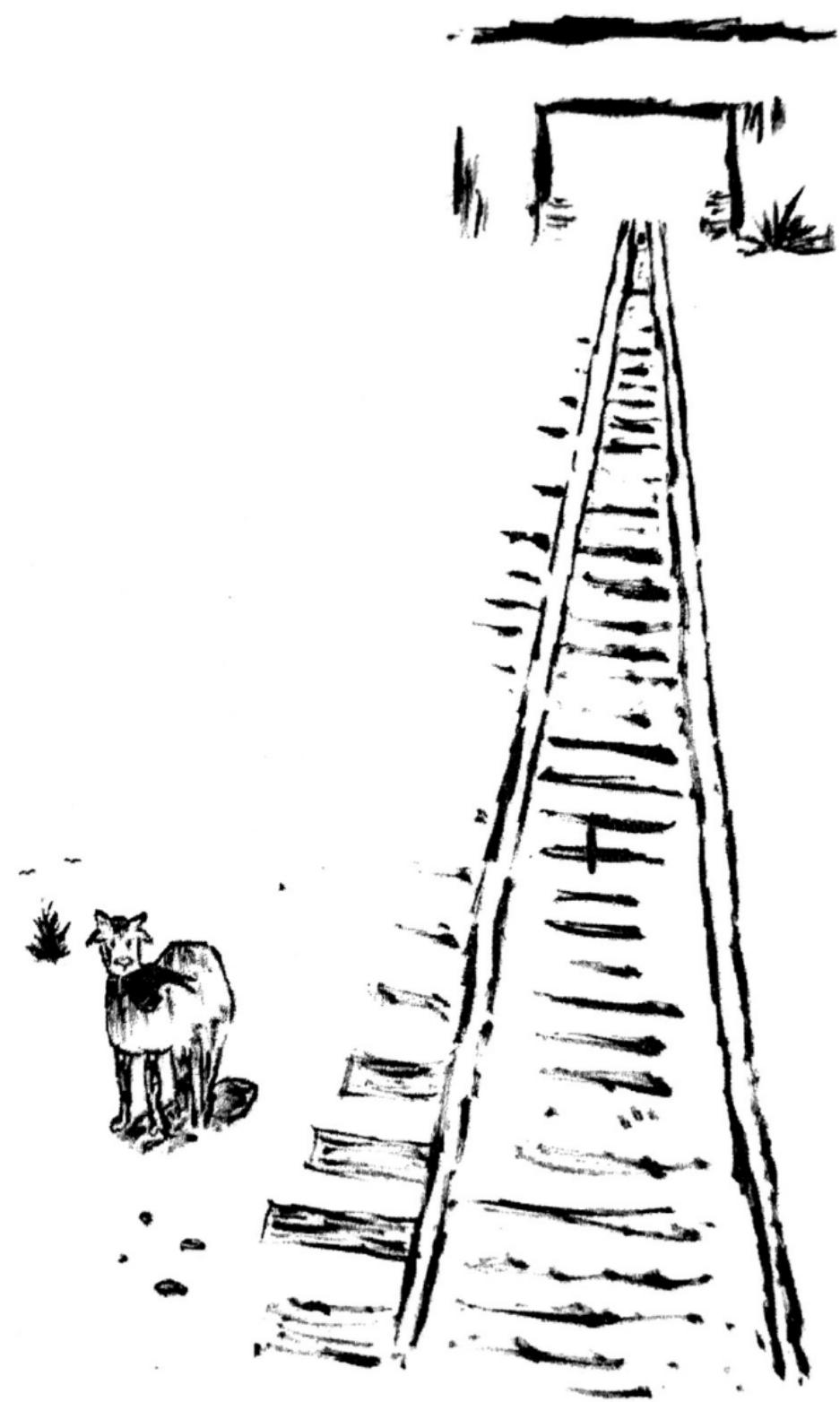
I continued on walking down the line, passing a shepherd walking his herd over a bridge. I found some old graffiti underneath the bridge from 1968 which was also the same year of the oldest date nail I had found so far. I wondered if this graffiti could've been done by a rail worker who laid down the tracks. I tried to shift my energy by painting a wall but it was to no avail.

The tracks curved around a landfill and a

mysterious lady wearing bright clothes appeared with a bindle full of scraps and started walking in the same direction as I was. She caught up with me on a train bridge as I was trying to figure out a way down to paint. She just shrugged and kept walking.

I stopped for a minute and watched a dog playing on the bank of the Seman River then carried on through the first Romani village that I had seen so far in Albania. Children playing next to the tracks amongst sheep and dogs, completely oblivious as to the stranger walking down the line. I found a concrete wall under an overpass before Mbrostar with beautiful rust dripping down the side and painted. As soon as I finished, things got strange.

At some point I realized I should've been in Mbrostar already but I never made it. The previous night when I briefly looked at the map on my phone, I had mistaken the tracks for a river. The line actually heads northwest to Gradisht before turning towards Lushnje. This added approximately 15 kilometers to the walk, which would now move into higher elevation and much colder temperatures.



Looking at the map, it seemed that there was nothing in between where I was at and Gradisht. I found a public spigot near a youth football academy and a lady sold me some sardines in olive oil at a corner store. Hopefully this would hold me over.

I walked back to the tracks and a guy rode by on a scooter, laughed at me and shook his head. I instantly thought of the ominous guy from earlier and his warning. I started thinking about what I would have done ten years ago if I was living in this tiny village with no money and I saw an idiot from the United States walking behind my house.

I kept moving, trying to stay focused and shake this vibe as the tracks pushed deeper into the bush. Vines had overtaken the tracks as far as I could see, slicing up my legs from the knee down. A snake slithered across the tracks. There's absolutely nothing around but farmland and everyone here is extremely efficient, using every inch of the land on both sides of the tracks so there's nowhere decent to sleep. I looked on the map and noticed there was a church an hour or so away but when I got there, God wasn't home.

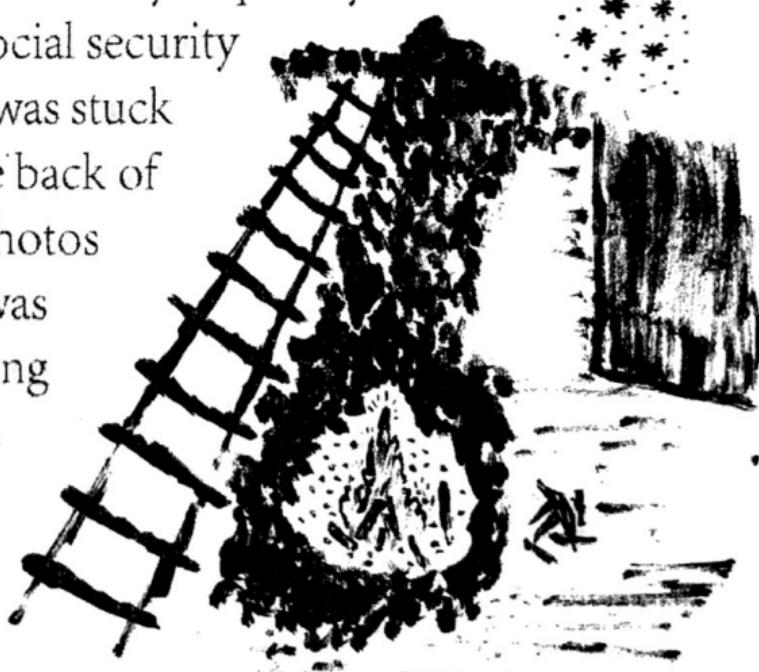
Actually there was nothing there at all. I kept going and eventually found a train bridge in the middle of nowhere and I felt relieved. It was still a few hours before sunset but I could feel the chill from the higher elevation and decided I had better get a fire going and play it safe.

Not even five minutes later, I hear the unmistakable sound of several dirt bikes quickly approaching. A few minutes later five guys rode over the train bridge towards me and one guy stops right in front of me. I tried to ask him if it was cool if I camped with a fire here but the language barrier was too much on this occasion. He pointed to a distant tree and I had no idea what he was thinking. I can't shake this bad vibe and I was paranoid at this point. The guys seemed inebriated and excited and in my life when trouble appears I just keep going, so I did and it paid off.

I made it to Gradisht just before sundown and found an abandoned rail station. I walked over to the main road and saw a small coffee shop that was closed but would be open in the morning. A lone trash can sat across the road and it had exactly one piece

of cardboard inside for me to use as a mat for the night. I found some cross ties next to the tracks for a fire but I had nothing for kindling so I pulled out old pieces of paper from my wallet.

Things I had written on a train, phone numbers from people that I had forgotten, receipts, etc. It became therapeutic as the fire sparked. Love letters from old lovers that were hard to burn and harder to move on from. Then the black and white photo booth pictures were tossed in and it was exhilarating and painful at the same time. As I watched the most important photo burn slowly in the embers, I looked closely and saw some numbers and was confused. As I looked closely, I quickly realized my social security card was stuck to the back of the photos and was burning away.



I fell asleep staring at the stars and laughing at the day and at myself. The world was telling me I was on the right path. I woke up the next morning and burned the cardboard I slept on and dried the morning dew off of my sleeping bag. I grabbed coffee and came back and painted on the abandoned station and then set off towards Lushnje. Ten toes down, headed Northbound.

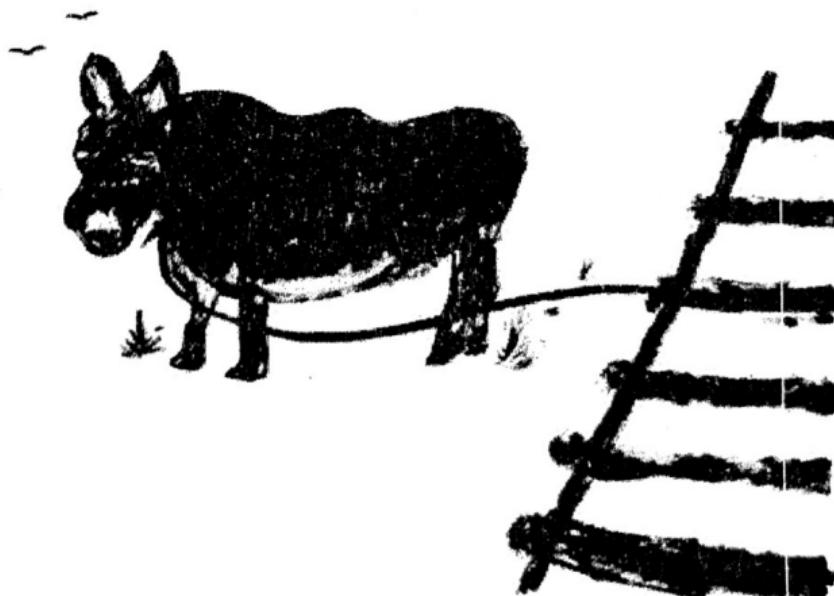
There's essentially no trash along the tracks but on this morning I found an Italian shotgun shell and knew it had to be pretty fresh. I thought surely it was a farmer probably protecting their crops. Maybe five minutes later a shot rang out, "Pow!" I ducked and didn't see anyone around.

"Pow!" , again. I thought someone was shooting at me! There was no shelter at all so I kept walking. Another shot was fired out and this time I heard the pellets rain down on a nearby greenhouse. Then I saw the culprits. Two teenage boys in the bush, bird hunting.

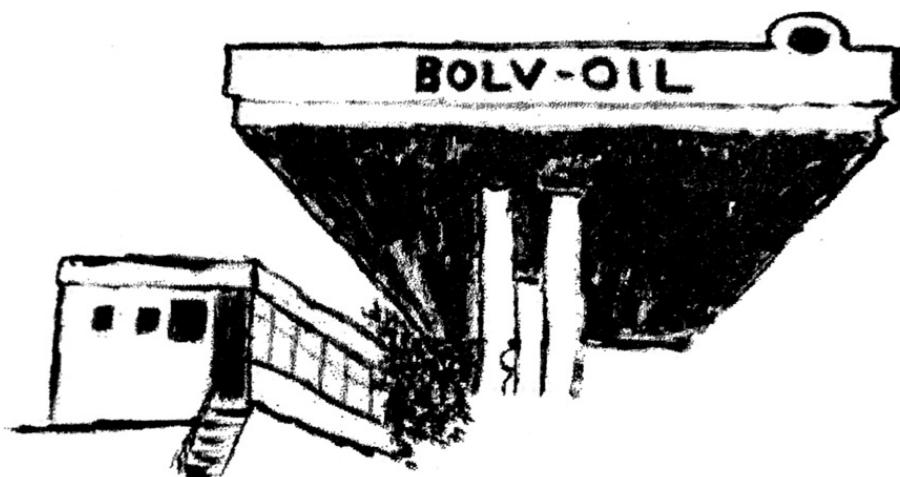
I found three different car designs carved in the tracks on this day and my pace picked up at the anticipation of finding another and trying to imagine who the artist was.

I stopped in Sopez at a small cafe looking for real food but came up empty. I ordered an espresso and after talking with the guy working there about football, he gave me five packaged croissants for free and I ate them all. An hour later I was in Lushnjë, feeling sluggish from the bread and in desperate need of nutrients.

After a walk through downtown, I stopped at a restaurant and ordered Ćevapi, rice, and salad. Afterwards I hung out in a park under a tree trying to come up with a game plan. The food instantly reenergized me and I just decided to keep going. I was going to walk all the way to Tirana.



I stopped at a cafe and used someone's phone to call the man with the olive farm and let him know my plan. On the outskirts of town, there was a fruit stand next to the tracks and I stopped to get some grapes. They gave me one or a few of almost everything they had and of course they didn't take my money. I can't really put into words how much energy this gave me.



I made it to Dushk around sunset and noticed a gas station just off the tracks. I decided I would go ask them if I could sleep behind the station. That's where I met the Bolv Oil Boys. I asked a man inside the store and without hesitation, he said, "Yes, of course." Then I found out this man didn't work at the station but everyone here knows everyone. He was with his wife and newborn child and we talked for half an hour before they left.

I laid some cardboard down in a vacant flowerbed and was satisfied with the spot. It was going to be the coldest night of the walk but I was so tired that I figured I could just curl up in a ball and sleep. I didn't get the opportunity.

I went inside the station to get hot water for tea, meanwhile a worker at the station went and picked up my cardboard and told me to follow him. He took me to a storage room and cleared out space for me to sleep. He took some boards and lofted my cardboard off of the ground. The room was heated! I slept amazing and when I woke up, all of the overnight workers were gone but they had passed the story on to the next shift's workers. I was full of energy and thankful and hit the tracks at sunrise.

I found some cool spots off of highway SH4 to paint in the morning and then found maybe my favorite spot of the walk, underneath an overpass above the tracks. Sometimes I would find a spot to paint but there would be people around or it didn't feel right so I kept it moving. Not with this spot though. I waited thirty minutes for a farmer to walk down the line and then quickly

painted a pink piece, mixing the last of my white paint and red paint.

The tracks then take a turn towards Rrogozinë and walking up on this village was so beautiful. The tracks run over the Skumbin river and sway into the heart of this vibrant railroad town like a Balkan New Orleans. I grabbed rice and salad and bought another pair of socks.

I asked around and found the lone hardware and paint store in the city. I often wonder how anyone would do graffiti in places like this. Who has money to spend on paint? No sane person is going to rack paint from a gentle old man in a small town. The owner of this tiny shop went next door and returned with a woman around my age, who spoke English. I bought five kilos of white paint for around seven dollars. This was too much paint but it was all they had. The woman was a doctor in this town and she had a wanderer's soul and asked me meticulous questions about my journey and I was appreciative of this. These brief conversations hit the soul deeply when most of the day is spent in silence.

I grabbed an espresso and sat on the platform of the rail station and poured paint into smaller containers to fit in my pack. A lady approached me while I was on the platform and she hands me a piece of cardboard and makes the sleeping symbol with her hands. The box says, "Kuwait is with you." I think she thought I was a refugee. I realized then that what I was doing for fun and adventure, refugees do for survival. A sobering thought.

As I was leaving town, I realized there had to be a tunnel out of here because hills were surrounding the entire town. Twenty minutes later I found it and the perfect place to leave half of the five kilos of paint on a wall.

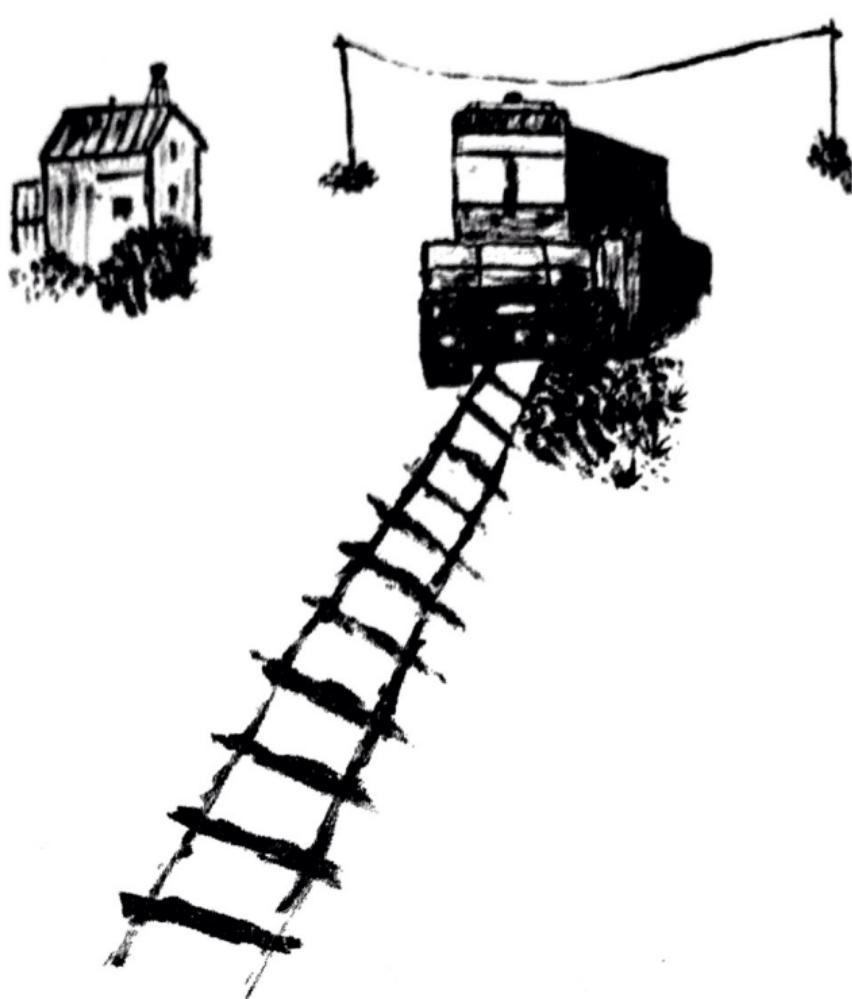


I walked through the tunnel and saw a couple of track turtles hanging out. I ran into a farmer with his herd stalled on the tracks and he gave me a, "Bravo!" as I told him what I was doing. I felt like I could run through a wall after that.

I found an old shack with a rusty door to do some writing about the shotgun story. Half an hour later I see what I thought was a green tractor way off in the distance down the line. It starts getting closer and closer and then I realize it's not a tractor. It's a train!

I am completely confused now because everyone had told me this line was abandoned. I had just walked through an active tunnel! The green engine carrying three commuter trains with ancient graffiti on the side zooming by me felt like a dream.

I stopped in Lekaj for food near a mosque at the only place open. I went inside and did the eating motion with my hands. The well-dressed man behind the counter told me to sit down with his hands and returned ten minutes later with rice and soup. He said nothing the entire time I ate. I said, "Thank



you," to him. Then he asked me where I was from. Shortly afterwards he pulled out a bill from his wallet, 500 LEK. I smiled and realized that this man also thought I was a refugee but upon learning that I was from the States, he charged me. I admired his actions.

After I payed him, he brought out two espressos, one for each of us and after brief

conversation, I said goodbye. I had my caffeinated eyes fixated on Kavajë for the night.

A friendly shepherd wearing gold shoes offered me a place to sleep with his sheep in a barn. I probably should've stopped here but I kept going. The sun was setting as I walked through the heart of a Romani community outside of Kavajë. Two curious teenage boys stared at me like they saw a ghost. To be fair, I felt like one as I had grown weary from the walk. My mind slowly started playing tricks on me.

I ran out of gas at nightfall. I was having trouble making a decision on where to sleep and the best thing I could think of was to walk up to a mosque and ask if I could sleep in the garden. Of course they said yes, but that I would need to wait until last prayer call. I tried really hard to wait in a park in downtown Kavajë but I couldn't do it. I walked down a dark side street and found a tiny nook in an alley and called it a night.

I headed out early the next morning, grabbing a coffee in a smoke filled cafe. I was exhausted. Mentally and physically. It was a



straight shot to Durrës and knowing the beach was waiting on me gave the motivation I needed to get through the day.

I painted only once as my pace picked up. In Golem I saw an active train station and found where the commuter trains travel to. I spent the rest of the walk daydreaming about the places I could go to on the train. I made it to the beach shortly afterward and I decided to stay for the night rather than press on to Durrës.

It was a deserted resort town and it was absolutely eerie. I had it to myself essentially. I took a bird bath with a bucket a child would use to make sand castles and shaved my head right on the beach. My razor was dull and I had patches of hair still but just gave up at some point. My brain was so dead that I couldn't even enjoy the beach. I still smelled awful. It was a bizarre feeling to see abandoned high rise buildings with no one in them after walking through so many poor villages the previous days. I crawled up on the roof of one of them and fell asleep just after the sunset.

In the morning, I explored a cave but I was

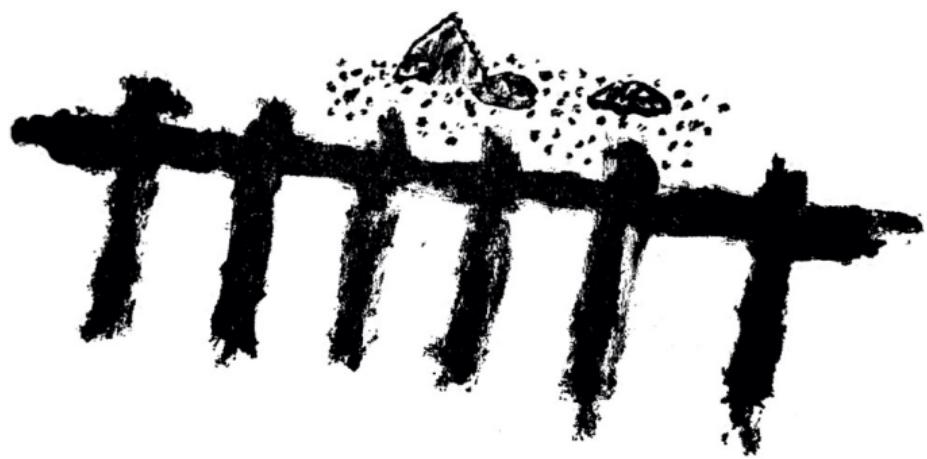
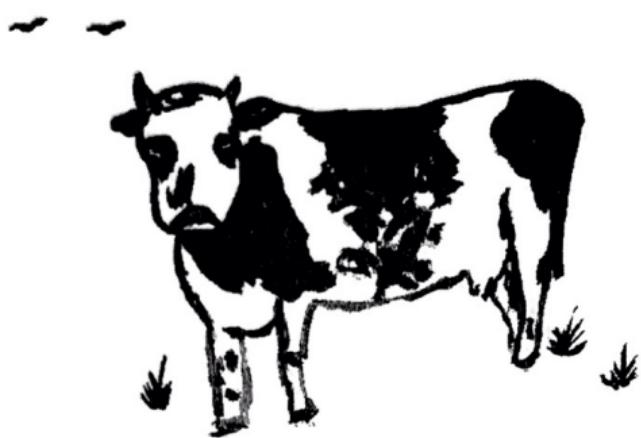
eager to get to Durrës. It was a quick walk and my energy was boosted when I saw old, rusty Yugoslavian engines and train cars rotting to death in the yard. I spent maybe an hour and a half lurking through the yard and painting and then decided to start my way towards Tirana, the capitol of Albania. Durrës to Tirana used to be a popular commuter train route, but it is now abandoned.

The end of the line was 40km away.

At this point exhaustion really took a hold of me. Dehydration had set in. The sun had taken its toll. Poor nutrition. I was disoriented.

I remember passing the village of Sukth because there was a small line of old freight cars in the yard there.

I remember feeling emotional because a trackside cow was staring at me. They were staring through me. I just kind of stood there...frozen.



In my memory, this entire day was silent.

I lost most of the photos from this day and I don't know how.

I don't know exactly where I slept that night.

There was an old hand built wooden bridge built over a creek and I spent maybe two hours building a nice fire pit and clearing out a camp.

I found a jacket someone had thrown out by a dumpster and put it on for the night.

After all that work, I fell asleep before even starting the fire.

In the morning I felt much better and knowing this was the last day, it was easy to press on. The sun rose over the hills creating a beautiful scene on the horizon. There's a song called, "Amarillo by Morning" and for some reason, this song popped up in my head and stayed there all day as I walked the line.

Everyday on this adventure was spent with

animals. Chickens, cows, sheep, goats, birds, dogs, cats, turtles, turkeys, etc. The last day I felt like the animals knew I was almost finished. Each one coming to the tracks to see me through.

This walk ended up being somewhere around two hundred kilometers in total. I spent most of it in silence. No phone. No music. The Earth being ravaged by a virus. I was showered with love and encouraged by complete strangers at every turn.

I think I expected some grand finale at the end of the line.

The tracks just suddenly disappear into thin air like a love that you thought would last forever.

A horn from a passing car takes me out of a dream and just like that back into the real world...





